

## Lawrence Democrat.

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### MANY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

A messenger called at a palace door, and grimly waiting attendant aside, Unfalteringly passed the threshold o'er, To a portal built high and wide; The master was ill, the intruder in haste, "Not at home" to the call, though sent by a king Of others, who never has time to waste, Nor the intruder's welcome message to bring; "Not ready," the master impudently cried, "To face a law record," yet he had when he died, Ever so many millions of dollars.

Then passing on through a neighboring street The messenger called at another door, Where the inmates again were slow to greet A caller who had no unwelcome come; While the messenger in marble and frescoed hall, Where works of old masters hung on the wall; Costly lace, fringes and curtains grouped, Where Rich tapestries lay in parlors and halls; The messenger beckoned the master to leave, Knowing well that he had while pleading reprieve, Ever so many millions of dollars.

Tossed on a couch of anguish and pain, Surrounded by all that the world could give, A mortal pined to have back again, His years to live over, and only to live, There were images hovering thick in the air, Mouths of wronged ones closed and deep, In gathering gloom, clamorous where The silence of death faintly would keep, While an anguished mortal this story told, "For these all also was battered and sold, Ever so many millions of dollars."

To a modest cot the messenger came, Where grief and pain had scenes been known, Calling for one of moderate fame, Whose gold was honestly all one's own; Where hearts had ne'er been closed to bleed, No lives embittered, brighter, madder, No dead ears turned to cries of need, No earthly pilgrims visage-seared, To the summons bold—"The Last of Earth," A "ready" response was more than worth, Ever so many millions of dollars.

Millions of dollars wrongfully won, Millions of dollars, where virtue is sold, May fall to outweigh a poor widow's mite; Oh! the passing on to eternity's brink, With nothing but money, in oblivion to sink, Ever so many millions of dollars! Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

### A "CHIP."

#### How Jo Disposed of His Store and Land to a Corporation.

Jo Taliaferro's father was poor, his father had been poor before him, and his grandfather back of him again. It was in his great-grandfather's days and through his great-grandfather's hands that the money had slipped away from the family. Since then no one had had the energy to replace it. "It was too much trouble," said the Taliaferros, who pronounced their name "Tollyver."

Jo's father did make a half-hearted effort. He wandered from his home in Alabama up north somewhere and ran away with old Snyder B. Simes' daughter and only child.

Snyder B. Simes, lumber merchant, was a Maine man who had made his pile himself and meant to keep it. He burned his daughter's letters unopened and made a new will.

"If my money's to be spent in riotous living I mean to spend it myself," he said, buttoning up his pockets.

Mrs. Taliaferro burst into tears when she first saw her new southern home; then she got up and put on an apron and began to clean the house. This she continued to do until the day of her death. She never learned to adjust herself to her surroundings, nor that it is sometimes a good woman's duty to ignore dirt. She washed, and scrubbed, and cleaned, and was finally swept out of this world on a sea of soap-suds—another martyr to the great god of cleanliness.

She left one little boy behind her, named Jo, to the care of—more properly speaking, to the neglect of—his father.

"Do you see that man?" said the superintendent of the great Brookville glass works, which northern capital had lately planted in Brookville county, Ala. "Do you see that man?" "Well, you will never see him doing any more than he is now. Nobody ever saw him work. He eats, drinks, clothes himself, has a roof over his head, and now he is in his pocket. Now, how does he do it? And there are a dozen like him about here. I tell you the mystery of Paris is no nothing to the mystery of Brookville."

And as we can never permit our minds to dwell on a subject without hearing from it again within twenty-four hours, that same day the superintendent received a letter from Jo.

The spelling was dubious and the handwriting shaky, but there was nothing shaky in the spirit of the composition.

"MISTERS SUPERINTENDENT: I wud like a place for my employ, Jo Tollyver."

"P. S.—Taliaferro is to long and queer."

The superintendent laughed as he tossed this evident result of anxious labor in the scrap basket. The next week he received a fac-simile of that letter minus the postscript, to which he accorded a similar treatment, but when he saw those same giggling characters on an envelope in his mail the third week he opened it with an amused curiosity.

"MISTERS SUPERINTENDENT: I wud like 2 letters and hav no anser. I wud like to be in your employ, but I kint wait I must git a job. Ples anser and oblige. Jo Tollyver."

The superintendent's hand, with the paper in it hovered over the scrap basket. Then he drew it back. At his call a weak-kneed young man came in from the outer office.

"Have you room for another boy out there?" the superintendent asked.

"You have. Well, then, write to this applicant and tell him he may come on trip."

For the first few weeks Jo Tollyver was like a new-born puppy out in the world with his eyes shut.

"You must look about you, Tolly," said the head clerk. "Now, I started out with no money, no education, no backing, and here I am, all by keeping my eyes peeled."

The clerk with the weak knees struck in: "Look at me," he said. "I have been a sober, honest, industrious, God-fearing man for fifteen years, and not a cent to show for it."

Jo turned his long, ruddy face and big, innocent blue eyes from one to the other and said nothing. He rarely

talked, and when he did, it was with a deliberate slowness which barely escaped a drawl.

But he pondered all that he heard in his heart, apparently, for gradually his puppydom fell from him and he became a satisfactory fixture in the office.

The Brookville glass works was a close corporation. They had bought up two thousand acres about the site selected for their works. Their laborers dwelt in their cottages built on their land; they bought from the company store, and lived under laws of their directors' making.

But there was a Naboth's vineyard in the center of the settlement. The trouble was that old Col. Jay respected his ancestors, and refused to listen to any proposition regarding their sale for the "vineyard" was a family burying-ground this time.

The superintendent vainly represented to him that the bones should be carefully removed.

"They are earth to earth by this time, sir," said Col. Jay, with statelyness. "When I see that ground, sir, I sell them. So we will not mention it again, if you please, sir."

After that, the superintendent, who suspected a pistol in every Alabama pocket, did not care to open the subject again.

"Ain't you ever goin' to sell, Col. Jay?" asked Jo.

He had paddled across the creek which separated the glass works from the old man's house, and was sitting on his porch with him in the twilight.

"No, sir. Nor I ain't ever goin' to accommodate again, neither. I told those Dixes they might bury their little babies there, and what did they do? Laid it right on great-grandma Liza. I went and told them they'd got to take that baby off. But it warn't pleasant. I won't accommodate again."

"And you ain't ever goin' to sell, Col. Jay?"

"Look here, Jo," said the colonel, testily. "How old are you? Eighteen years. Well, I guess you remember me as soon as you remember anything. Did you ever know me to change my mind? That ground ain't ever—to be—disturbed."

Jo turned his full blue eyes on the colonel.

"How about when you die, Col. Jay?" he asked in his most deliberate speech. The colonel was staggered and showed it.

"If I were you," Jo went on, now looking over the water, "I'd fix that while I was able. There's a whole acre there and there ain't but one end of it in graves. I'd sell it all under a deed that would make the man who bought it keep the grave end nice and clean, and the grass cut—and perhaps flowers."

Col. Jay rose from his chair.

"Boy," he cried, "you're right! Why didn't I think of that?"

Then his face fell suddenly.

"But who'd be fool enough to buy?"

"I would," answered Jo, stolidly; "and if I don't pay you a hundred dollars for it in a year's time, you can take the ground back and all the improvements on it."

What the improvements meant, the whole works soon knew.

"Jo Tolly's store" was the talk of the place. It was little more than a shanty, but the laborers soon learned that the shanty had goods of better quality and lower price on its shelves than the company's handsome storehouse had on theirs.

"It ain't very pretty outside, but I tried to have it good in," said Jo, modestly, looking at the well-stocked walls. "I spent all my money there."

The money referred to was a small sum which he had gotten by auctioning off the worn-out roof which covered him, and the bit of land on which it stood. The rest of the tract had been sold almost to the very doorestep, long before.

There had been no one to interfere in his reinvestment, his father having performed the first graceful act in his worthless life by stepping out of it at this opportune time.

"Don't spend it all in shoestrings and rock candy," said the superintendent, who had gotten by auctioning off the worn-out roof which covered him, and the bit of land on which it stood. The rest of the tract had been sold almost to the very doorestep, long before.

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it ain't worth much to anybody but me."

Then it was that the superintendent gave Jo very clearly to understand that he considered him infringing on the rights of the company in whose service he was.

The boy looked so puzzled that he melted somewhat.

"You don't understand me," "No, sir," said Jo. "I thought I owned the land."

"So you do," said the superintendent, reassuringly, feeling now on sure ground; "but not for all purposes."

"I thought I could put a saloon on it if I wanted to," said Jo in a depressed voice.

The superintendent's hair almost stood on end.

A grog-shop in the midst of his works! He could hardly conceal his dismay.

"Tolly," said he, sternly, "you must choose between the office and your shop. No man can serve two masters."

"Yes, sir. You are very kind, sir," said Jo, looking gratefully at him. "I was thinking my clerk wasn't doing as well as he might if I had my eye more on him."

"And I assure you, gentlemen," said the superintendent, reporting to the board of directors, "when that boy left my office I did not know whether it was as a fool or as having made a fool of me."

"Call the lad in," suggested one of the directors. "Let us see if we can make anything of him."

Jo came in at once on being summoned. He did not even tarry to take off the apron which he wore in his shop, or to brush the flour from his coat.

These adjuncts helped to heighten the ruddy innocence of his appearance as he entered. He faced the curious eyes of the waiting board with a disarming guilelessness.

"Did you want me, sir?" he asked of the superintendent, and the slow motion of his lips was almost foolish.

But had those lips only been formed to say "ton thousand" they could not have repeated it more persistently when the question of barter was opened. His slow-moving blue eyes looked with open, childish appeal into the assembled faces.

"I do think it's worth that to me, sir, don't you?" he asked of the most rugged speaker; and that gentleman suddenly collapsed.

There was one director who took no part in the controversy. He sat in his chair rubbing his hands together and watching the scene from his keen, deep-set eyes. Every now and then his spare frame was shaken with silent laughter. As the door closed on Jo's retreating figure he gave way to spasms of alternate laughter and coughing.

"Oh, Lord, Lord!" he chuckled, wiping his eyes. "to have that fool look on the outside of his head and all that horse sense on the inside!"

"Then, sir, you think him playing a game, do you?" asked the superintendent.

"Playing? He's played it! Hasn't he caught us in just the trap he started out to?"

The old man went off in another paroxysm of laughter.

"What did you say the lad's name was," he gasped as he recovered.

"Jo Tolly," answered the disgruntled superintendent, "or rather, that's what he calls himself. His real name is T-a-l-i-a-f-e-r-r-o."

"Taliaferro—Joseph Taliaferro. What was his father's name?"

"Joseph, also, I believe."

"It's him. As sure as my name's Snyder B. Simes," he cried the old man, rising to his feet excitedly.

"Where's he gone? Where's he gone?" He rushed from the room, his thin legs wavering under him, followed by the bewildered superintendent. When they returned, Jo Tolly, divested of the flour and apron now, was with them.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Snyder B. Simes, "allow me to present my grandson to you, formerly of the firm of 'Jo Tolly,' now full-fledged partner of the lumber firm of 'Snyder B. Simes & Grandson.' The Tolly store is closed, gentlemen. We—that is, my grandson, has decided that it is more advantageous for our present business to be on agreeable terms with this Brookville Glass Works company."

Here Mr. Simes, shaking with laughter, broke down again.

"Oh, boys, ain't he a chip of the old block?" he cried. "What will you have, gentlemen? It's the firm's treat!" Margaret S. Briscoe, in Leslie's News paper.

#### A BABY BY EXPRESS.

A five-year-old that was handled with the trunk.

A matronly-looking lady conveying two children approached the ferry agent of the Morton special delivery, San Francisco, and handed him a check for one trunk and a grip-sack.

"Please deliver them to Mrs. Howes, No. 1,954 Golden Gate avenue."

The agent gave her a receipt.

"By the way," added the lady, "just take this child along, too."

She pointed to a five-year-old infant toddling around. The agent looked surprised, but, being a man of business, he accepted the charge, and entered on his delivery bill:

"One trunk, one grip, one little girl to No. 1,954 Golden Gate avenue. Collect."

Little Miss Howes went off serenely with the baggage man to make a voyage on what is known as the "pick up" trip. She was down in the wagon with the trunks and valises and evidently enjoyed the novel situation for a time. After stopping at a number of houses she became disgruntled and demanded that she be permitted to share the driver's seat. She had her way, too, the driver pronouncing her "the brightest and most talkative young thing" he'd ever seen. While waiting for the delivery wagon to go out on the night trip Miss Howes had a perfectly lovely time climbing around the express office and prying into everything. She was decidedly inquisitive, wanting to know just why everything was handled just the way it was. Once she got in the wrong wagon and was dug up from the midst of a pile of trunks, boxes and parcels of all descriptions. When the little tot was delivered to her mother two hours after being received at the ferry that good dame remarked that "she thought they'd never bring that child."

"I'm here, mamma," yelled Miss Howes. Then the mother received for "one trunk, one grip and one little girl," and the first baby ever delivered by express in the city was landed.

"She could go across the continent, that kid could," said the driver. "Smartest I ever saw."—San Francisco Examiner.

#### USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Air the house thoroughly every morning. Open opposite doors and windows for five or ten minutes, even if it is stormy.

—A little borax put in water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed, will prevent them from fading.

—A remedy for creaking hinges is mutton tallow rubbed on the joint. A great many folks that refuse to do their work are simply rusted and will be all right if carefully oiled.

—To test the quality of flour, squeeze a handful of it in the hand. The clearer the mass of the hand, the crisper the flour, etc. If shown upon it, the better the flour. Dough made with this adhesive flour will be very gluey, ductile and elastic, and easily kneaded.—Detroit Free Press.

—There are a variety of ways of serving bon-bons. Any pretty dish may be used, or little silver trays with small silver tongs, or a handsome dessert spoon. A silver bowl is fashionable for sweets; also the pretty fancy baskets found at confectioners may be used for the bon-bons.

—Cheese Jellied—Grate three ounces of Parmesan cheese, whip two table-spoonsful of thick cream, and mix with a table-spoonful of gelatine dissolved in a small cup of water; when stiff stir in the cheese, season with pepper, salt and mustard; fill little cases, grate cheese over the top, and set on ice to harden.—Boston Herald.

—American Potato Salad.—Cut cold potatoes in small slices. Put into a dish two raw eggs, seven table-spoonsful of vinegar, also the pretty fancy baskets found at confectioners may be used for the bon-bons.

—Since the ice age there is evidence in the fossil faunas and floras of marine deposits and peat bogs that northwest Europe has experienced for some time a climate considerably warmer than that of the present day.

—Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on September 25th, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes.

For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

"I WANT A DRINK" means one thing in the country and something else in town.—Galveston News.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

Horses prefer to be stable on the installment plan.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

Never fail to cure sick headache, often the very first dose. This is what is said by all who try Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Eaten out of house and home—picnic lunches.—Boston News.

#### Wide Awake for October

Has a pleasure in store for all young lovers of English literature in the form of a narrative by Miss C. H. Garland called "The Maidens of the Lakes" (Dorothy Wordsworth, Edith Southey, and Sara Coleridge), lovely girls, to whom Wordsworth addressed his poem, "The Triad," with portraits of the three girls, and other illustrations. "The Trouble Grandpa Nature had with the Horse," by L. J. Bates, "Bee-Hunting," by Rowland E. Robinson, and "A Joint Snake," by E. Olin, are three peculiarly interesting Natural History articles. "A Night with Russian Wolves," a blood-curdling true story by Lieut.-Col. Thordike, "Jessie's Chickens," a home-life story by Hattie Tyng Griswold, "Edith's Guinea-Pig," a travel story by Esther George, and "Bronson Company (Limited)," another home-life story by J. H. Jamieson, are very entertaining. A Moqui folk-tale of "The Genesis of Earth and Moon," a Norse folk-tale of "Why the Sea is Salt," the "Margaret-Patty Letter," the "Drawing of the Child Figure" (Miss Rimmer's article) are readable and instructive. Margaret Sydney's Peppers Series is intensely interesting this month. "Men and Things" is full of good original anecdotes, and there are many readable poems and enjoyable pictures, puzzles and the Children's Letter-Box. \$2.40 a year, 20 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

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#### Butler County Fair.

The famous Butler County Fair, the largest county fair in the country, occurs at Hamilton October 4 to 9 inclusive. The program and display this year promises to excel all previous efforts. The C. H. & D. will sell excursion tickets from Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lima, Delphos, Marion, Co. This year, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale October 5 to 9, good returning until October 10 inclusive.

NO WONDER highwaymen are so numerous in this country, when every schoolboy on declaration day is taught to "stand and deliver."—Texas Sittings.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harker Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the